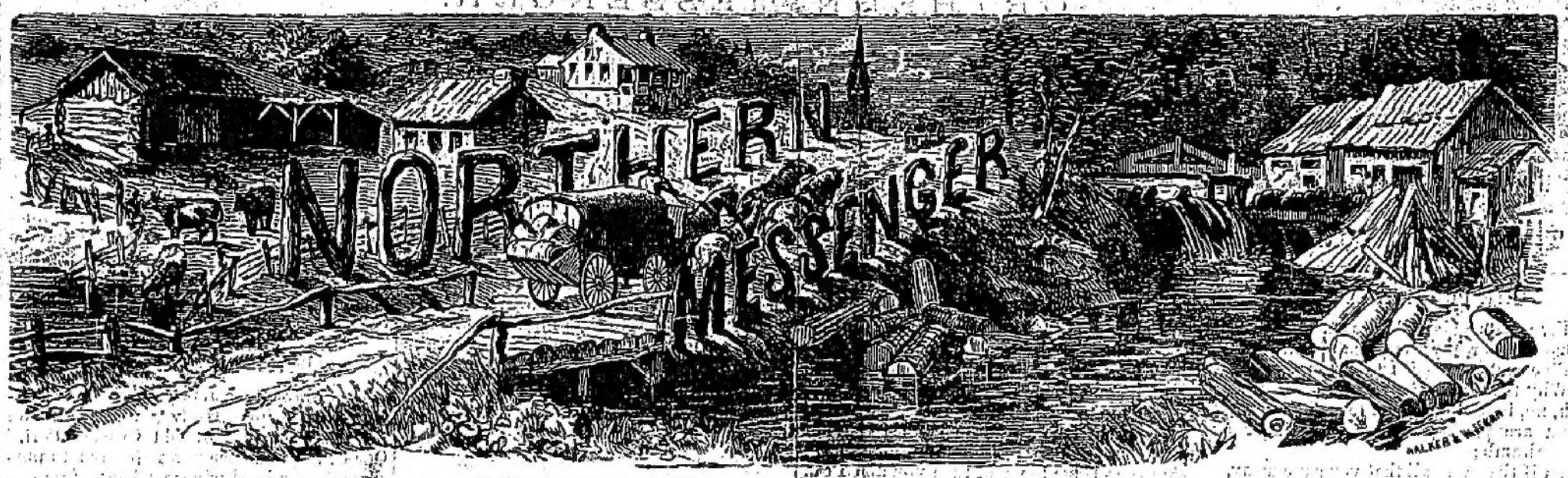

DEVOTED TO TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION, AND AGRICULTURE.

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THE BELL OF ATRI.

From "Echoes from Tyrconnel," by Rebecca Scott.

"Hark! 'tis the loud accusing tones
Of Atri's blessed bell;
Though now for countless years unheard,
I know the sound full well."

So spake the generous gray-haired king:
"'Tis not the time to rest
While there is yet some deed of wrong
Which needs to be redress'd.

"When first our father filled the throne
With firm unsparing hand,
From fierce oppression's iron grasp
He sought to purge the land.

"The high-born knight, the lowly serf
Alike his justice felt;
Alike secure from force and fraud
The peer and peasant dwelt.

"And high within the market-place
He hung that blessed bell,
That all who 'neath injustice pined,
By its deep tongue should tell

"The tale of suffering or of wrong
Its swift redress demand,
Till at its sound oppression fled
Forever from the land.

"At first, for many a month and year,"
Went on the good old king,
"The bell's accusing voice became
A loved familiar thing.

"Till as the years rolled slowly on,
Injustice ceased at last;
And then the grand old bell became
A memory of the past.

"And men have passed to middle age,
And never heard its tone;
And o'er it, in the old gray tower
Have moss and ivy grown.

"Now in this solemn midnight hour,
When all these years have flown,
Once more its iron tongue speaks out
In fierce accusing tone.

"Hark, hark! across the silent streets
Its echoes ring again;
Whoe'er the suppliant be, I vow,
He shall not plead in vain."

They gathered round the gray-haired king,
His courtiers, roused from sleep;
While still the bell's accusing tones
Kept echoing loud and deep.

And hurrying to the market-place,
With eager feet they ran,
When lo! a ringing peal of mirth
Broke from the foremost man.

A poor old useless worn-out steed,
Half-starved and gaunt and thin,
Whose starting bones seemed fit to pierce
The rough untended skin.

His ruthless master lived hard by,
A churlish, cruel knight,
Whom oft the faithful charger bore
Through many a hard-fought fight.

But now no longer fit to toil,
His thankless lord had cast
The poor old helpless war-horse forth
To starve and die at last.

And wandering, in the quest of food,
Around the gray old tower,
Caught gladly at each soft green weed,
Fresh leaf and luscious flower.

And reaching to the ivy wreaths
Which round the belfry hung,
He grasped the wire, and echoing peals
Forth on the midnight rung.

The monarch smiled, then o'er his face
There passed a deeper shade:
"Methinks, injustice worse than this
Ne'er called for monarch's aid.

"Oh! shame upon the ungrateful knight,
To wrong the faithful steed,
Who oft, we know, by flood and field,
Served him in direst need.

"Hark! still the bell's accusing voice
Demands redress again,
And I have pledged my kingly word
He should not plead in vain.

"Here gently to our royal stalls
The worn-out charger bear,
And while he lives, to him be given
Food, warmth, and tend'rest care.

"And he, the churlish, thankless knight,
All cost shall surely bear:
Nor man nor beast shall suffer wrong,
Who dwell beneath our care."

All honor to the grand old bell
Within this ivied tower;
It needed never more to speak
In Atri from that hour.
—*Family Friend.*

THE POOR WORN-OUT WAR-HORSE RINGING THE BELL OF JUSTICE.

RUM.

Some years ago, in one of the counties of New York, a worthy man was tempted to drink until drunk. In the delirium of drunkness, he went home and murdered his wife in a most barbarous manner. He was carried to gaol while drunk, and kept there through the night. Awaking in the morning and looking around upon the walls, and seeing the bars upon the windows, he exclaimed:

"Is this a gaol?"

"Yes, you are in gaol," answered some one.

"What am I here for?" he asked.

"For murder," was the answer.

"Does my wife know it?"

"Your wife know it?" answered some one, "why it was your wife that you have murdered."

On this announcement he dropped suddenly, as if he had been struck dead.

Let it be remembered that the constable who carried him to gaol, sold him the liquor which caused his drunkenness. The justice, who issued the warrant was one of those who signed his license. The sheriff, who hung him, also sold liquor and kept a ten-pin-alley.—*Selected.*

Mrs. W. F. Crafts makes a very practical suggestion, which we commend to the consideration of our schools, though she suggested it specially for Primary Classes. She says: "A missionary birthday box is a good thing to have in the primary class. Let it be either a locked box or a sealed one. Request the children as their birthdays occur, to bring the number of their years in pennies on the Sundays following their birthdays. At the end of the year let the box be opened, and a report given of the amount found in it. Let the children be told just what will be done with the money. Teach them to pray for God's blessing to go with the money which they thus send out."—*Moravian.*

Temperance Department.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

"Five cents a glass!" does any one think
That that is really the price of a drink?
"Five cents a glass," I hear you say;
"Why that isn't very much to pay."
Oh, no, indeed, 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all that you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? let him decide
Who has lost his courage and lost his pride.
And lies a grovelling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast to-day.
The price of a drink? let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, the wreath of fame,
High endeavor and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away,
As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" how Satan laughed
As o'er the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do,
And before the morning the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass!

The price of a drink? if you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through that wretched tenement, over there
Where dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the mouldy walls,
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There shame in a corner crouches low,
There violence deals its cruel blow
And innocent ones are thus accursed,
To pay the price of another's thirst.

"Five cents a glass!" Oh, if that were all,
The sacrifice would indeed be small,
But the money's worth is the least amount
We pay; and whoever will keep account
Will learn the terrible waste and blight
That follows this ruinous appetite!
"Five cents a glass!" does anyone think
That that is really the price of a drink?
—*J Hollard, in S. S. Messenger.*

ROSA LEIGHTON.

BY MRS. M. F. MARTIN.

(National Temperance Society, New York.)

CHAPTER II.

"Annie, isn't it very late? Did not I hear the clock strike eleven?"

"Eleven, mother; it has struck twelve! Where can Fred be?"

"There was a time, Annie, when you and I would have been very anxious were he to have stayed out as late as this, but now I know something has detained him. I have been thinking, dear, how kind God was to us last year."

"Kind, mother! do you call that kind?" and she looked down at her own mourning dress and up at her mother's widow's cap. "Do you call God kind when He has taken father away from us?"

"I don't think you understand me, dear; I was thinking what Fred was this time a year ago—oh, I feared there was no hope for him; and your father too, as he felt that he had not long to live, how earnestly he prayed that God would let him see before he died his only son a reformed man, and, above all, a Christian; and the first part of his prayer was answered; kneeling beside his father's death-bed, Fred promised never, never to touch another drop of liquor; oh, how I long to see the second part of his prayer answered; if Fred were a Christian I would feel more sure that he would never fall."

"Why, mother, do you fear for Fred? Hasn't he strength enough to resist temptation when he has once made up his mind? and the promise he made father, do you think he would ever forget that! No, no, mother, I don't fear for him in the least; I know he won't fall, for he has said he wouldn't."

"Annie, darling, I hope with all my heart that you are right, but I sometimes fear he has too much confidence in himself."

"Well, mother, I expect, then, that you agree with Mr. Newton, that he ought to sign the pledge. I declare, I think that is a downright insult; sign the pledge indeed—my brother sign the pledge! That will do very well for drunkards, but wouldn't it look well for Mr. Frederick Lansley to go to a temperance meeting, and, before all the low drunkards collected there, say, 'I'm afraid I shall be just like you; I am not strong enough to resist temptation, so I'll sign the pledge too, and then you and I can help each other.' Now, mother, how do you like that?"

"I do not know what to say about that, Annie. Mr. Newton has, under God, been the means of saving Fred, and he knows better than we his temptations. I have heard him say that he himself has signed the pledge, and you can scarcely think that there would be any reason to fear that he, a minister of the Gospel, would be in danger of becoming a drunkard. Besides, Annie, Mr. Newton thinks, no more than I, that a pledge would really save him. He knows that nothing but dependence upon Jesus can be a safeguard, but he thinks that a pledge would be a check upon him; for few men can break an oath carelessly—but why doesn't Fred come? He was not going to make many calls; he told me that no one would expect him so soon after father's death, and he was really glad they would not, for he did not want to see so much liquor. He intended calling on Mrs. Leighton, Mr. Newton's sister for he felt sure he would not be tempted there, as Mr. Newton said he would urge his sister to set an example of temperance, and banish all liquors from her table."

Mother and daughter became silent then, and both sat looking into the cheerful grate fire, thinking her own thoughts and trying to peep within the unturned pages of the book that had this day been opened before them.

Nothing disturbed the meditation of Mrs. Lansley and her daughter except the ticking of the great clock in the hall, and as it sounded the warning before striking the hour, they looked at each other in surprise, for it was one o'clock, and the son and brother not yet returned.

Now the clock strikes, and its one lonely peal sounds through the quiet hall, and is taken up and answered by the innumerable bells of the city as one by one they proclaim that the second day of the year is an hour old—one page of the new book filled and work begun upon the next. Both ladies listened attentively; yes, they surely hear footsteps, but they can't be Fred's, for they are confused and unsteady, as if more persons than one are walking with difficulty; a voice also, is heard, talking loudly, and another answering in a quieter tone.

Nearer and nearer they come, and as the loud talking becomes more distinct, the mother and sister turn pale, look at each other anxiously, while the mother presses her hand to her heart to quiet its hurried beating. Yes, they pause at their door-steps, and some one with a steady hand, puts the night-key into the lock and opens the door. Both ladies are in the hall now, white with anguish, for too well they know what it means, and it is scarcely with surprise that they meet, as the door opens, Mr. Newton almost carrying their beloved one.

There was no time for explanation; the mother and sister knew enough—enough to tell them that he who went from them in the morning, exulting in his boasted strength to successfully cope with the tempter, had been vanquished—caught in one of his most transparent snares.

Enough for the Christian friend to know that his sister had lured back to the path of destruction and death this young man, the only stay of his widowed mother and orphaned sister, whose hearts were now indeed stricken with grief too deep, too intense for utterance.

Knowing too well that the fire smouldering in Frederick Lansley's breast needed but the spark that had been applied, to kindle it to a flame, Mr. Newton had followed him soon after he left his sister's table and searched for him in every saloon that he had been accustomed to frequent before his father's death, but all in vain. Frederick Lansley knew that his friend's untiring devotion would not allow him to rest until he had found and restored him to his mother and sister, so, with a mad desire to drink until he died, he had shunned all his old haunts and with the cunning born of despair, he had gone from one low grogery to another—places he would have disdained to visit in the former time—in a vain endeavor to quench his insatiable thirst and to find a safe retreat from his best earthly friend. In one of these Mr. Newton found him, after searching until after midnight, and thence he had almost dragged him home to his anxious mother and to his proud and too confiding sister.

(To be Continued.)

A VICTIM OF BRANDY.

But three years have passed since Mr. Paul Felix Labarriere was leaning back in a comfortable easy-chair in the inner room of a law-office. The quiet of a tranquil city made a pillow for his existence, which was each day rendered more delightful by the liberality of his numerous clients. His office was a remunerative one, and he possessed a handsome fortune.

To-day Paul Felix Labarriere is sitting upon a dirty bench in the eleventh chamber of the tribunal of the Seine. His cheeks are sunken, his brow is wrinkled; he recounts his past, babbling in his speech, now pleading for mercy, now weeping for his lost honor.

What, then, has made so vast a difference in only these years?

A very small matter truly: only a few bottles of brandy!

Brandy has transformed the successful lawyer, the employee of government, into a malefactor.

The lawyer drank; his business forsook him. Having sold out the office where his credit had failed, he went to Paris. He persevered in his worship of the genius of the brandy-bottle. He sought for work.

A merchant who employed him observed the depth of his potations and dismissed him.

Another acquaintance took pity on him and delayed in some degree his ruin. But anon Labarriere became a thief. He discovered in the desk of his patron certain sums of money and he appropriated them. When his deadly thirst increased on him he must have brandy. His own funds were expended; he stole money for drink. Grown desperate, he took his employer's silverware and pledged it at the brandy-seller's. And now behold him leaving the police court in charge of two constables!

Consider to what depths he has descended. Felix Labarriere is thirty-six. Hitherto his family name was unstained.

In his abasement he has not lost consciousness of the shamefulness of the deeds he has committed.

He turns as he leaves the bar and begs pardon. "My appetite," he says "was too strong for my will!"

But the law cannot condone his offences, and with a long groan he hears his sentence and turns away to meet the penalty he has dread.—*From The French.*

DON'T MARRY A MAN TO SAVE HIM.

Any girl who marries a man to "save" him makes a great mistake. Don't do it. The probability is that instead of "saving" him, you throw yourself away. That has been the almost universal experience in the past. But the case is very different with those who already have husbands who drink, or who are becoming addicted to it, or any other bad habit. Treat him as you would your brother in this respect. Labor with him. Show him that you are deeply interested in his welfare, and how earnestly you desire to "save" him from the evil consequences of his course. If he is half a man he will be able, with your assistance, to overcome his appetite. Not easily, however. It will require all the manhood he can summon, and all the help you can possibly give him. But if he is a man and one who respects himself as such and whom you can respect, he will succeed at last. Such a habit is terrible, however, and our heartfelt sympathy goes out to that wife who has this trial to contend with. Rum is truly "an enemy hard to conquer," and the worst of it is that it is only half conquered when it seems to be entirely so. Many an appetite is only sleeping and will be awakened in all its original activity and force by a single glass of wine, thoughtlessly given by a friend. Our article "Triumphant," printed in another column last week, is only one success of many trials, most of which are miserable failures. Don't marry a drunkard in hopes that you may "save" him. But if you are so unfortunate as to have a companion who drinks, leave no possible stone unturned, and shrink from no possible effort that will help him out of his evil and terrible habit.—*Christian at Work.*

ARTIFICIAL PORT WINE.

Dr. Collonette, a Jersey physician of temperance principles, lately gave a lecture on the "Manufacture of Old Crusted Port." One of the audience was requested to purchase from a local wine merchant of repute, a bottle of port, for which he paid six shillings. This, with cobwebs, &c., was deposited on the lecturer's table. Dr. Collonette then stated he would, in the course of a few minutes, produce a similar article at a cost of five farthings. A judge—a gentleman said to be well qualified—was, then, elected by by the meeting. A committee was chosen to come on to the platform and witness the operation; this consisted of weighing out ingredients. The basis of the composition was cider; bullock's blood was used for a rich tawny color, tartaric acid to give age, cream of tartar mixed with gum water was smeared on the inside of the bottle and gave a beautiful crust. Outside, cobwebs with dust and whitewash were applied to give an ancient look, and the bottle was stopped with a well-stained cork. The expert was introduced, and tasted a glass from each bottle, declaring, with a knowing wink at the audience, that the wine a la Collonette was the genuine article. The temperance audience of course applauded to the echo.—*Signal.*

A CHILD'S WORD IN SEASON.

An English clergyman says:—"Very recently a little boy in my parish, only six years of age, was sent to fetch his father from a public-house. He found his parent drinking with some other men, one of whom invited the little fellow to take some beer. Firmly and at once the little fellow replied, 'No, I can't take that; I belong to the Band of Hope.'

"The men looked at one another, but no one was found to repeat the temptation. The man then said, 'Well, if you won't take the beer, here is a penny to buy some bull's-eyes.'

"The boy took the penny, and said, 'I thank you, but I had rather not buy bull's-eyes; I shall put it in the savings' bank.'

"The men looked at each other, and for a few moments they were entirely silent. At length one of them rose, and gave utterance to his feelings in these words—'Well, I think the sooner we sign the pledge and put our savings in the penny-bank the better.' The men immediately left the house. Such was the effect of the speech of a boy only six years old.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

The great daily papers of New York City cry out against the daily murders, assaults, crimes, fights, etc., which are the direct result of the liquor-traffic, and these do all they can to protect, foster, and legalize the business which brings about such results. They oppose prohibition, fill their columns with false statements about its enforcement, and defame its advocates. Such papers are greatly responsible for the crimes and assaults which arise from the traffic, which could be suppressed should they unite with the friends of temperance in honest efforts for this purpose. The legislature must go to the root of the evil if it would cure it. It has tried license laws for a century, and they have always and everywhere proved an utter failure. Now, gentlemen, give us a chance for a constitutional amendment and submit it to the people for a popular vote upon the whole question.—*National Temperance Advocate.*

WARNING TO SMOKERS.—A boy who early smokes is rarely known to make a man of much energy of character, and generally lacks physical and muscular as well as mental energy. I would particularly warn boys who want to rise in the world to shun tobacco as a deadly poison.—*A Physician.*

THE HOUSEHOLD.

KEEPING EGGS FRESH.

As eggs have their season, even though it be a long one, it is very desirable to be able to lay up a supply when they are abundant. But the problem has been how to keep them fresh. A writer in the *Country Gentleman* thinks he has discovered the way to do it; and as the air is the source of the difficulty, his plan seems reasonable. But the proof of the keeping will be in the eating. He says:

"After a variety of experiments, through a period of ten years at least, I succeeded so well last year that eggs packed away during the very hot and dry weather of August and September 1881, were turned out perfectly sound and sweet, though a little shrunken, at Thanksgiving and Christmas. The way of doing it is not a costly one, and the processes are very simple—the secret being to put the eggs away in a clean and perfectly inert and inodorous medium, and one which compacts itself so that there will be absolutely no intrusion of atmospheric air, and no sudden changes of temperature.

"All it is necessary to do to repeat these experiments and to keep eggs through summer, is to procure small, clean wooden or tin vessels, holding from 10 to 20 gallons, and a barrel, more or less, of common, fine-ground land plaster. Begin by putting on the bottom of the vessel two or three inches of plaster, and then, having fresh eggs, with the yelk unbroken; set them up, small end down, close to each other, but not crowding, and make the first layer. Then add more plaster and enough so the eggs will stand upright, and set up the second layer; then another deposit of plaster, followed by a layer of eggs till the vessel is full, and finish by covering the top layer with plaster. Eggs so packed and subjected to a temperature of at least, 85 deg., if not 90 deg., during August and September, came out fresh, and if one could be certain of not having a temperature of more than 75 deg. to contend with I am quite confident eggs could be kept by these means all the year round. Observe that the eggs must be fresh laid, the yelks unbroken, the packing done in small vessels, and with clean, fine-ground land plaster, and care must be taken that no egg so presses on another as to break the shell.—*N. Y. Observer.*

CLEAN SOUP.

Whenever maccaroni, vermicelli, pearl-barley, &c., have to be added to soup, they should invariably be at any rate partially boiled in plain water first, in order that the outside dirty part may be washed off by being dissolved. To illustrate the importance of this point, I would mention that very common invalid beverage, called barley-water. How many of my readers are there but can call to mind drinking barley-water from a tumbler by their bedside, and being disgusted with a dirty sediment at the bottom of the glass?

Now, is the cook to blame for this? Undoubtedly. Had she been properly instructed she would have partially boiled the barley, and thrown away the first water, and then have placed the clean-washed barley, with its dirty film removed by being dissolved, into fresh boiling water. It is of no use to wash vermicelli, maccaroni, barley, &c., in cold water to clean it, it must be boiled; and in the case of maccaroni of all kinds and vermicelli it is best to boil it in plain water till it is tender, and then add it to the stock. Of course, in the case of an ingredient like barley, where it is added to broth to increase its nourishment, it should only be boiled sufficiently long to ensure all the outside being dissolved, so that perfect cleanliness may be obtained. How many cooks are there who can call to mind the following misadventure with the soup? They have got the stock bright, they have added the vermicelli, and it has turned, not thick but cloudy—the reason being that they did not boil the vermicelli in water separately. We next come to that very large variety of soups that contain vegetables, the best one to take as a type of the class perhaps being spring soup. Spring soup is simply a number of vegetables boiled in stock; such vegetables as turnips, celery, carrots, small spring onions, cauliflowers, asparagus tops, green peas, &c. Now when we come to speak generally on the principles of boiling vegetables, we shall have to explain the importance of leaving plenty of room for the steam to escape, in order to ensure a good color being attained. These vegetables, therefore, should not be thrown into the stock direct, but into boiling water first. By this means, besides perfect cleanliness being guaranteed, the vegetables will look brighter than they otherwise would do; and we all know the difference between soup in which the carrot is a bright red and the pea a bright green, and soup in which the former is a dirty brown and the latter a dirty yellow. I would here, in passing, observe that many English cooks imagine that spring soup and Julienne soup are the same thing. In properly made Julienne soup the vegetables should be first stewed in a little butter in a stewpan till they begin to slightly turn color, or, in other words, till they just begin to brown; then the stock is added, as well as a little sugar. Owing to this difference in the preparation, the flavor is materially altered—of course the butter is thrown up by boiling and removed by skimming.—*Principles of Cookery.*

HOME DECORATION.

The woman who does not have a tasteful and inviting home now must fail in this respect because she does not care enough about it to work for it. It is surprising how many things that are truly ornamental and which brighten up a room can be made with so little expense. A visit to the home of a country minister, a man whose salary of $800 supported himself and his wife and two children, was a revelation to me of what might be done with small outlay. A discarded dress of some heavy black woollen cloth made coverings for several old chairs which had been stained and varnished to look like new. Cretoune figures were button-holed and cut out and then applied to the black cloth; a pretty braid was made of old velvet ribbon lined with wiggan and decorated with silk, which by the way, was sent for to some city store, and bought at a very low price, as it comes in packages and is called waste silk, though of desirable colors. The lambrequins of Nottingham lace were lined with turkey red calico, and the cornice upon which they were tacked was made in this way: A strip of wood about six inches wide, and of the length of the top of the window, was fastened to the wall over the window by screwing three screw eyes into the board and then putting long screws through these into the wall; the lambrequin was tacked on to the edge of the board which projected over the window far enough so the curtain would clear the window and hang gracefully. The tacks were concealed by placing a pleating of muslin over them. Tidies were made of Japanese pictures lined with cambric, with a border of velvet ribbon, brightened with silk, and of common crash, with a sort of satin finish, and then threads were drawn out in such a way that squares of crash about three or four inches in size were left, and the few threads that were left were caught together with scarlet working cotton, and a few threads of red were mixed with the linen fringe on the edge. The one extravagance in the way of decoration was a handsome table-cover; it was of olive felt; the edge was cut in points, and each point was finished with a tassel made of olive crewel, picked out with a needle; on each point a pretty design was put on in applique with bits of velvet. These were round, and the ordinary shaped fans, crescents &c., all made to look natural, with the skilful addition of the embroidery silk. The atmosphere of this simple and unpretentious home affected those who breathed it to such an extent that at the holidays, instead of presenting their pastor with silver or china, a dressing-gown and slippers, it had become the custom of the people to add something to the wealth of his home; in this way it happened that the few fine engravings in plain but handsome frames had found their place there. If it is true, as a Boston woman asserts, that one may judge correctly of the amount of culture in a home by observing the height at which the pictures were hung, then the mistress of this home in a little village of a few hundred inhabitants back among the hills possessed culture in a high degree, for one saw here a large and appropriately-framed engraving, Landseer's "Impudent Puppy," representing a large dog in his bed of straw watching the naughty puppy that is stealing his breakfast, hung low down on the wall, the bottom of the frame being not more than a foot from the floor. The barrenness of the wall above was relieved by smaller pictures hanging there. The pieces of needlework were done, the mistress said, when she had no other sewing; for with the help of a good sewing-machine the simple dresses for her two little girls and for herself were soon made and out of the way.—*Evening Post.*

SOFT SOAP.

Those housekeepers who live in the country and can get plenty of wood ashes are fortunate in the opening Spring, when ready to commence house-cleaning, for they can, with painstaking, supply themselves with a quantity of this invaluable aid to their work. A large barrel full of ashes can be set up on rails, a little tipped to the front to allow a full drainage. Two or three small auger-holes bored just at the bottom edge, and a large vessel which does not leak placed under to receive the lye as it drains from the barrel. Then several gallons of hot water can be poured slowly in the top; and as it drains off more can be added. Good strong lye should bear up an egg on its surface.

The grease should be slowly melted in a large iron kettle, and the lye gradually poured in in the proportion of five gallons to seven pounds of grease. The mixture should be boiled slowly and stirred frequently. When thoroughly boiled down, a process of two or three days' time, it ought to be of a rich, dark brown color. If the grease will take up more lye, and yet the mixture come to a proper consistency, it can be slowly added during the boiling process. The leached ashes are still good to throw upon the garden patch. And the half barrel or cask of soap in the cellar is a store of comfort to the tidy housewife. The boiling process is most frequently carried on out of doors or in some back kitchen.

Repairing Rubbers.—Rubber, or even leather boots, may be repaired, using the following cement: Take gum shellac three parts, india rubber one part, by weight. Dissolve these ingredients in separate vessels, in ether free from alcohol, applying a gentle heat. When thoroughly dissolved, mix the two solutions, and keep in a bottle tightly stopped. This glue resists the action of water, both hot and cold, and most of the acids and alkalies. Pieces of wood, leather, or other substances, joined together by it, will part at any other point than at the joint thus made. If the glue be thinned by the admixture of ether, and applied as a varnish to leather, it renders the joint of the seam water-tight, and almost impossible to separate. By cementing a piece of thin leather or rubber, over a crack, a neat and durable patch may be made. The soles of leather boots may be made more durable and perfectly water-proof by soaking them thoroughly before a fire with pine tar. Three or four repeated applications are necessary to saturate the leather when it completely absorbs the tar, and the soles are dry and hard as horn but quite flexible.

Hints for Dyspeptics.—Avoid pork, fat meats, grease, gravies, pastries, spices, confectioneries, tea, coffee, alcoholic drinks, beer, malt liquors of all kinds. Let your food be plain, simple, wholesome—chiefly fruits and vegetables. Let your bread be of unbolted wheat meal. Take your meals regularly; if three, let your supper be very sparing. Eat slowly, lightly, masticate thoroughly. Beware of hot food and drinks. Avoid luncheons by all means. Exercise freely in the open air; never sit moping, but turn your mind entirely from your troubles. Keep regular hours, rise early and exercise gently half an hour before breakfast. Bathe frequently, keep the skin clean and the pores open. Keep your feet dry; let the soles of your shoes be thick, so that no dampness may penetrate them. Keep your sitting and sleeping rooms well ventilated. Impure air is enough to kill a well person—it kills thousands. Wear loose fitting garments, especially about the region of the lungs. Banish the pipe, quid and snuff-box as a plague, forever and forever. Of all the dyspepsia breeders and promoters, nothing exceeds the use of the "Indian weed." Keep away from the apothecary; avoid all medicines and nostrums.

Enamelled Cloth makes a neat and useful covering for the wide lower shelf in the pantry where bread and cake are cut. It is useful also, and looks well on the kitchen table, and can be kept absolutely clean with little trouble.

PUZZLES.

April 12th, 1882.

Dear Editor,—I found this riddle, said to be the work of Hannah More, and cannot get the answer. Will you put it in the Northern Messenger and give the answer? Your subscribers,

Janet and Harry.

RIDDLE.

I'm a strange contradiction; I'm new and I'm old;
I'm often in tatters and oft deck'd with gold,
Though I never could read, yet letter'd I'm found;
Though blind, I enlighten; though loose, I am bound—
I am always in black, and I'm always in white;
I am grave and I'm gay, I am heavy and light—
In form, too, I differ—I'm thick and I'm thin;
I've no flesh and no bones, yet I'm covered with skin;
I've more points than the compass, more stops than the flute;
I sing without voice, without speaking confute;
I'm English, I'm German, I'm French and I'm Dutch;
Some love me too fondly, some slight me too much;
I often die soon, though I sometimes live ages,
And no monarch alive has so many pages.

ANAGRAM BLANKS.

When in this —— he would —— nothing. The —— of the bell in the old —— church sounded like the —— of a funeral dirge. He —— to submit his ——, although —— by another, to the builder. Having —— power he —— his own course.

He is willing to —— a —— against a pound of —— that that paper of —— which she now —— contains a poem of —— and an article about palms and ——.

The —— office resembled a —— urn. Do not be so —— but be ——, and do not allow yourself to be —— by the children.

HOUR-GLASS.

1. Trickery.
2. A burst of light.
3. Anger.
4. A letter from Britain.
5. To obtain.
6. To clean.
7. To fix.

Centrals downward, a flower.

AMPUTATIONS.

Behead and curtail the following words of three letters each and then add the remaining letters to form the name of a celebrated poet.

1. An *animal*.
2. A kind of drink.
3. Frequently.
4. A limb of the body.
5. A boy's name.
6. A carpenter's tool.
7. A pen for swine.
8. Instrument for writing.
9. Single.
10. A conjunction.
11. A kind of grain.
12. A poisonous serpent.
13. A plaything.
14. To finish.

LETTER CHANGES.

Change the head of a word of four letters.—a celestial body and have a river noted in Scottish song. Change the head again and find a worthless fellow. Change again and find an animal (often so called). Change again and find a favor. Again, and find shortly.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF JUNE 1.

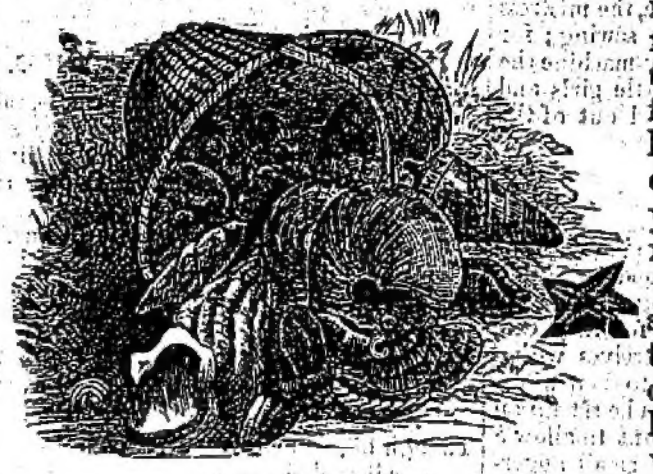
Rhyming Game of Animals.—Sheep, goat, fox, mouse, pussy-cat, rat, ox, weasels, kid, kangaroo, bear, hare, tiger, gazelle, antelope, giraffe, elephant, rabbit.

Numerical Enigma.—A jolly TAR sailed into PORT in his good TARTAN. He landed and disposed of his cargo of TARTAR. He then went to a bakery and bought a dozen TARTS, and dressed in a fine suit of TARTAN, with a new HAT upon his head; he went to pay his cousin, PHILLIS a visit. He carried her a present of a PARROT in a cage, also a fine piece of TARLATAN for a dress. After a short visit he told her he must START on his voyage, and taking the celebrated PHILANTHROPIST with him he went away to ASIA.

Six Hidden Fruits.—Cherry, pear, currant, fig, date, plum.

Phonetic Charade.—Saint Nicholas.

Enigma.—Nil desperandum (Never despair.



SHELLS.

There, I have just tipped over my shells again! I will pick them up one by one, and put them back in the basket. They remind me of many a pleasant ramble I've had on the seashore and the lake-side, where I have gathered them from time to time.

Each one, too, has a little story about itself to tell. Shall I write down some of the stories of these children of the water? I think you will like to read them.

Here is one of the bivalves. It is in two pieces joined by a hinge, like an oyster-shell. It wears a shining dress of many colors But I must let the univalves speak first; for they have smaller mouths than bivalves, and cannot talk so fast.

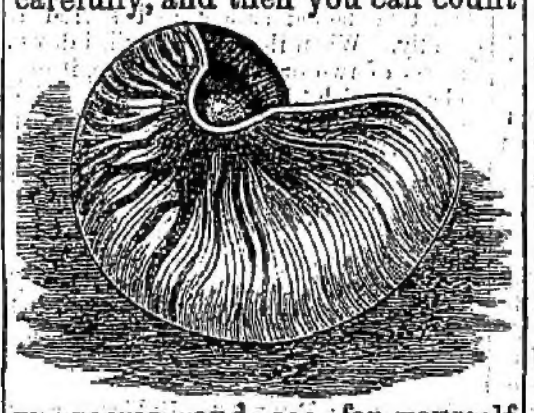
Here is one that says, "I am the shell of the snail, a tiny animal that built me little by little, as he grew. He belonged to a large family. He had cousins on the land, and cousins on the sea, but could not travel far to visit them; and he carried me with him wherever he went.

"When he saw any thing that he was afraid of, he would draw his head and foot under me very quickly, and cling close to my side. He spent most of his life under the lily-pads in a lake. Sometimes he would take a short journey up the stem of the lily, to where the great leaf rested on the water; then he would turn and have a ride on the ripples, using me as a boat. One morning a giant bird, called a crane, made his breakfast of the snail, and I was left empty on the shore."

"That is a good story," says this shining coil. "for the shell of a fresh-water snail. I am the shell of one of his cousins, who lived in the deep sea. I am a thicker and harder shell, and my colors are far brighter.

"My home was among the sea-weeds, and the waves were my carriage. I rode often to the bright sand on the beach, where my snail roamed with me at will. But we ventured, one day, too far from the water, and were left behind. My snail died, and I was put in your basket. I should rather be in the sea.

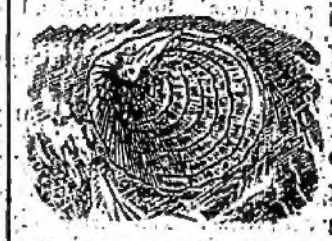
"And so should I," says the shell that I next take up; "for I was the queen of all the shells. I lived in the warm, sunny waters, near the land where the palm-tree grows. I have a great many cells lined with pearl. They were made by a brave little boatman named Nautilus, who grew so fast that he needed a larger room every year. You will break me, some day, if you don't handle me more carefully, and then you can count



my rooms, and see for yourself that my story is true."

"How do you do?" says a dainty white shell, not very pretty, but plain and neat. "I am the money-cowry. Members of my family are carried about and used for money in some countries. We are sought for like silver and gold. You may not think much of us here; but there are places where one cowry is as good as a penny. We are prized for our worth, if not for our beauty."

The shell that I now take up is one of the limpet family. I pulled it off a rock one day after the tide went out. It is beginning to talk. This is what it says: "I know all about limpets, for I am a limpet-shell; and I want to tell you that limpets and children are very much alike in some things.



"A limpet will often cling to a homely weed or stick until its shell grows into the same ugly shape. Just so a child will sometimes be spoiled by clinging to a bad habit. Limpets have eyes, as well as children, and should know better."

With these wise remarks from the limpet, the talk of the shells ended for the day. I had not time to let the bivalves say a word. The pearl-oyster and many others wanted to speak; but they submitted quietly while I put them all back in the basket.—*The Nursery.*

SON, go work to-day in my vineyard.—Matthew xxi. 28.

CHARLIE'S PRESENT.

Charlie's father had been gone a whole week, and Charlie had tried very hard to be good, and do all his chores well and promptly. Living on a farm many things had to be done which required a great deal of patience, and as Charlie's father said before leaving, "Boys at ten years of age were not always faithful in doing chores." Charlie had tried harder than ever to succeed this time, and his mother had told him, the day before his father came home, that everything had been done properly and in order, which made Charlie happy.

Little Max, his youngest brother, was a constant care to his mother. He was three years old, and just the right age to be up to all kinds of mischief. Charlie was very patient with Max, and tried hard to do all he could to amuse him, and in the evening Charlie would take him on his knee, and make funny shadows on the wall, until Max would laugh in high glee, and try his own chubby little fingers at making shadows.

One evening Charlie made the shadow of a rabbit, and Max wanted to take it in his hand. Charlie tried to explain why he could not, but it did not seem to satisfy Max, and the last words he said before going to bed were, "I can take him in the morning, can't I, Charlie?"

In the evening, Charlie's father came home, and was quite pleased to hear how well Charlie had done all things intrusted to his care, besides being helpful to his mother in taking so much care of little Max.

"I have brought you a present, Charlie," said his father, "and if you will go out to the waggon, you will find a large basket which you may bring in."

Charlie started at a quick pace, but before he got half way to the waggon, he thought he heard a scratching noise. Yes, there it was again. When he lifted the basket out of the waggon, thump against the cover of the basket went something which made Charlie come very near dropping the basket. Charlie wondered what it could be, it was so heavy. When he reached the house his mother opened the door, and as he set his basket on the floor, his father untied the cover of the basket, and out jumped a beautiful white rabbit.

Charlie was delighted, he had wished so many, many times for a rabbit. Charlie found a box, and made a nice bed for Bunny, and after seeing him safely tucked away for the night, Charlie went to bed to dream of the nice times they would have together. In the morning Charlie's first thought was of Bunny. Quickly dressing himself, he came down stairs and looking into the box found Bunny gone. Charlie hunted high and low, but without success. At last, little Max came down stairs, and after hearing the story of Bunny's flight, tried to help in the hunt for him.

"'Spose him on the wall, Charlie, I go see," said Max, and off he toddled, which made them all laugh, and Max, not liking to be laughed at, slipped into the corner where hung his father's overcoat, and in trying to pull a part of it over his face, the coat fell to the floor, when out jumped Bunny from one of the pockets, which caused Max to laugh heartily, and when Charlie caught Bunny and gave him to Max, his joy knew no bounds, and with a satisfied look at Charlie, he said, "I can take him now, Charlie, 'cause he is so tired staying on the wall;" and as Charlie always shared his little pet with Max, they enjoyed many happy hours together.—*Irene Lunt in Household.*

THE BROKEN WINDOW.

A very pleasant incident occurred in one of our public schools some time ago. It seems that the boys attending the school, of the average age of about seven years, had in their play of bat and ball broken one of the neighbors' windows, but no clue to the offender could be obtained, as he would not confess, nor would any of his associates expose him. The case troubled the teacher, and on the occasion of one of our citizens visiting the school, she privately and briefly stated the circumstances, and wished him, in some remarks to the school, to advert to the principle involved in the case. The address to the school had reference principally to the conduct of boys in the streets and at their sports—to the principles of rectitude and kindness which should govern them everywhere, even when alone, and when they thought no one could see, and there was no one present to observe. The scholars seemed deeply interested in the remarks. A very short time after the visitor left the school, a little boy rose in his seat, and said—

"Miss Low, I batted the ball that broke Mr. Jones' window. Another boy threw the ball, but I batted it and struck the window. I am willing to pay for it."

There was a death-like silence in the school as the boy was speaking, and it continued a minute after he had closed.

"But it won't be right for him to pay the whole," said another boy rising in his seat. "All of us that were playing should pay something, because we were all alike engaged in the play. I'll pay my share."

"And I," "And I," said several voices.

A thrill of pleasure ran through the school at this display of correct feeling. The teacher's heart was touched, and she felt more than ever the responsibility of her charge.—*Band of Hope Review.*

CAPTAIN BOXALL'S SUGGESTION.

Captain Boxall had lived many years in India, where it is understood Europeans look on the natives very much as children, who do not know how to do anything until they are told the way. Since he had returned to his native village, where he had settled down to spend the remainder of his days, he had gone on treating the people there in just the same manner. He could not pass a lad in the street spinning his top without asking him why he did not wrap the string round in some different way. For it was a peculiarity of Captain Boxall's suggestions that they were always novel; in fact just the very contrary of what anybody else would have thought of. He was encouraged in his habit by the only person who lived with him, his maiden sister. In everything that happened she turned first of all to him and asked, "What do you suggest, Captain Boxall?"

Late one night there came a sudden knock on Captain Boxall's door; and before he could reach it the door opened and the grinning face of a neighbor was thrust in.

"Captain!" the neighbor said, "there is a thief in your woodshed! I have turned the key on him, so you have got him safe."

The Captain's sister, who had begun to scream at hearing the words "thief," rallied on learning that he was in the distant woodshed, not inside the house. Facing round, she said, "Captain Boxall, what do you suggest?"

Certainly here was a case where the need for counsel had come closely home.

"Well," replied the Captain, trying to be prompt, though all his habitual briskness was not quite forthcoming, "anybody could suggest the police. It must be something very different to that if the thief is to be reformed." Taking up a lantern, he bade the still grinning neighbor to go home. "I shall know how to deal with the case," he added.

And it was very likely that he would know, for Captain Boxall's heart was right, if his head was rather flighty.

When half-way down the dark yard, his sister, standing at the door, saw, by means of the illumination of the lantern her brother carried, that he knelt down in the open air and prayed. This was not a bad preliminary.

"He is asking God's blessing on his suggestion," Miss Boxall said.

Turning the key back, the captain passed into the woodshed, and there he found the thief crushed up close against the wall, trembling in every limb, and with a face as white as that of a ghost. On the ground beside him, tied fast with rope, ready for carrying away, lay a large bundle of wood.

"Ah, my friend," began the captain, "this is a late visit. Why did you not come earlier? You might have visited us during the day at a better hour. But come with me; I will show you the way into the house," turning about with the lantern.

The thief evidently could not believe his own ears. He stood stockstill rooted to the spot. But on the captain, who had walked straight toward the open door, repeating, "Come, do not keep us both out in the cold here," he had to follow. But Captain Boxall spoke again. He saw that the thief had, as might have been looked for, left the bundle of wood behind him. "Nay," he said, "I beg you to bring the wood with you." The thief shook his head, but would not touch the bundle. "You must bring it," continued the captain. "It is not mine. Make haste with it."

"It is yours," was the man's stammering answer.

"No, it is God's. He only lent it to me. Do you not know the eighth commandment?"

More and more bewildered grew the thief; large beads of sweat oozed out on his white face. But the captain stood there, firm and unyielding. At length the man had to take up the load and totter with it across the yard after his leader, who carefully showed him the way with the lantern. Captain Boxall marshalled him straight into the kitchen.

"Sister!" cried the captain, "we have a visitor. Order bread and cheese and a jug of beer instantly."

It happened, however, that the servant was just cooking his evening meal over the fire, and this was soon put upon the table, the maid being sent elsewhere. But the guest had no appetite; he could not speak, much less eat. However, the captain would not be denied; and his sister, who happened to come in, backed him up as usual, though she looked much amazed at this last suggestion of her brother.

The thief had to try to eat, despite his throat being too dry to swallow. In the meantime Captain Boxall went on talking in the same mild way. He asked after the man's family, the names of his children, if he got on well with his wife, and so on. To every answer the man gave he attended patiently and sympathetically. At last the meal was over, and although the man had mustered a little courage during its progress, how he wished he was now outside the house! The beads of sweat again shone upon his face.

"I think you had better stay with us the night over," afresh began the captain. "Still, just as you will. We could make you up a bed on the sofa, for it is a dark night without, and the roads are none of the best. I can promise you a comfortable shelter; still, as I said before, if you wish to go, no one hinders you from doing so."

"I should be glad to go home," faltered the thief, with tears starting in his eyes.

"Then go, in God's name," was the prompt answer.

The wretched man did not need a second bidding. Shamefacedly muttering good-night, he was making hurriedly for the door when Captain Boxall put himself in his way. "You are not," he said, "taking the wood with you," pointing to the bundle on the floor. "You must not leave it behind you."

In abject humiliation the thief prayed to be forgiven. The captain told him that he had nothing to forgive. He continued, "Set it right with God. It is God you have offended. He alone can forgive you the sin. But you must take the wood; I wash my hands of it."

There was no reply for it; the thief had to take up the wood and carry it off with him. Ah, how it pressed upon his conscience as well as his back! As he bore it home it felt tons' weight.

In the very break of dawn next morning there was a timid but insisting knock heard on Captain Boxall's door. The captain rose and opened it; there stood his guest of the previous evening.

"Why are you here so early?" asked the captain.

"I could not rest without coming to you," replied the thief. "All night I have been tossing on my bed, repenting that I robbed you and sinned against God. How shall I ask Him to forgive me?"

"That is speaking rightly," gleefully said the captain. "Come in."

He read the Bible with him, beginning with the passage which so solemnly asserts that thieves shall not enter into the kingdom of God, but going on to the blessed words which speak of pardon and peace. From that day he who had been a thief became a reformed man, and after a long trial of his honesty had been successfully gone through, his friend the captain got him admitted into the membership of his church.

In this one instance, certainly, great success attended the suggestion which occurred to Captain Boxall.—*Day of Rest.*

HOW CHARACTER GROWS.

Many people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on ready-made with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth, and strengthens with the strength, until good or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see how a boy of ten years gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of man he will make. The boy that is too late at breakfast, late at school, stands a poor chance to be a prompt man. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I forgot; I didn't think!" will never be a reliable man; and the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble generous, kind man—a gentleman.—*Christian Helper.*

DANIEL WEBSTER.

To The Christian at Work:

I was interested in a recent article in the *Christian at Work* concerning this eminent man, as I am in everything pertaining to him. The late Hon. Edward Curtis, of New York, was his intimate friend. In an interview that I had with him many years ago I made some enquiries of him concerning Mr. Webster, one of which was whether he was in the habit of using profane language. He emphatically replied in the negative. He said that he would regard the habit as vulgar, and beneath him. H. S.

HAWLEY, Mass., Jan. 26, 1882.

WRONG DOING.

A little wrong done to another is a great injury done to ourselves.

The severest punishment for an injury is the consciousness of having done it; and no suffering is keener than that which belongs to repentance for past wrong-doing.

THERE IS A STORY that the late Prince Suwaroff, who was a great favorite of the Russian Court, had at one period of his early life Nihilistic tendencies, which came to the knowledge of the Czar, who sent for him and said: "Prince Alexander, I have here a complete list of the conspirators. In it I find a name which I can scarcely bring myself to believe could ever be found among a band of rebels—the name of Suwaroff. I cannot believe it now. It cannot—must not be!" So saying, the emperor tore the list and threw the pieces into the paper basket. Overcome by the emperor's magnanimity, Suwaroff threw himself at his feet and made a full confession. "From that moment I was cured!" he told a friend.

REST follows labor!
Even so;
Yet side by side
They likewise go,
Each to the other
Near akin,

For life well spent
Brings peace within;
This is the rest
That all may win.

The Family Circle.

THE LAST HYMN.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The utter'd benediction touch'd the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hasten'd to their dwellings for God's blessed boon of rest.

But they look'd across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air,
And it lash'd and shook and tore them, till they thunder'd, groan'd, and boom'd,
And alas, for any vessel in their yawning gulf entomb'd!

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the daylight coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the storm had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done before.

With the [illegible] winds blowing round her,
[illegible] woman strained her eyes,
And she saw among the billows a large vessel
[illegible]
Oh, it did not need a prophet to tell what
[illegible] must be
For no human [illegible] near the
[illegible] shore.
[illegible] people [illegible] from their
[illegible] homes and thronged the [illegible]
Oh, for power to [illegible] and the
[illegible] to rescue!
Helpless hands were [illegible] tender
hearts grew cold with [illegible]
And the ship urged [illegible] to the
fatal rock [illegible]
"She has parted in the [illegible] the
Hallelujah [illegible]
God has [illegible] to seek for
those [illegible]
Look [illegible] shock'd faces
look [illegible] sea,
Only one [illegible] on the spar was
[illegible]
Near [illegible] came the wreck
[illegible]
And the man still clung and floated, though
[illegible] could save.
Shall we send him a short message?
Here's a trumpet. Shout away!"
[illegible] preacher's hand that took it, and
[illegible] he wonder'd what to say.

Any memory of his sermon—firstly—secondly!—Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in that awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus. Can you hear?"
And "Ay, ay, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened. He is singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll;"
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life is past,"
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge. "Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah, leave me not—" the singer dropped at last into the sea,
And then the watchers looking homeward though their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He pass'd to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

—*Friendly Visitor.*

A MAN in a passion is like one standing on his head; he sees everything the wrong way.

CAPITAL NIL.—A TRUE TALE OF SMALL BEGINNINGS.

BY FAIRLEIGH OWEN.

A lovely day in June. In the country—balmy, enjoyable, life-giving. In London—dusty, dry, stifling.

Under the doorway of a corner house, with close-shuttered, dusty windows, stood a boy, so weary, so forlorn and hang-dog-looking, his pitiful aspect might have attracted notice in any less busy throng, but in the big money-making city, at this hour, all were too intent on their own affairs to heed him.

Stay, there are two just passing, young fellows. A few doors back they turned out of a "dining-room." They have been having a plentiful meal; they are chatting gaily and as they pass the dusty doorway where the forlorn boy has shrunk away from the glare, one says to the other, in reference to something they have been talking about:

"Wonder what his capital amounts to now? Not much, I should say."

"Capital nil," briefly rejoins the other.

Both laughed, and hurried on their way, jabbering their business lingo.

The boy had heard, had known, the remark was applied to himself, though he most likely had no idea what the words meant. He shrank a little farther into the dusty gloom of the doorway, as if he were ashamed of being hungry and friendless; yet, poor boy, it was by no fault of his he was so. It was considerably more than a day and a night since he had tasted food. All the daylight of those hours he had been afoot asking, at every place where he deemed there might be a chance for "work."

Always, with the same result; no one wanted a friendless boy who had none to "speak for him."

Alms had been offered him by kindly but thoughtless persons. But the boy would not readily accept charity. He wanted work. One was his habit, the other was not.

If ever a lad was forlorn and desolate surely he was. The doorway where he leaned seemed an appropriate spot, all forgotten and dreary as it looked, with the refuse that had blown and drifted on to the steps and down the areas, the windows coated, it seemed, with the dirt of centuries. It was, in fact, only a few months, but in a city, dirt, like money, accumulates.

What to do next? That was the thought that was occupying him. It seemed to him that he had done everything there was to do. Some people, when they ponder, look down on the ground, others turn their eyes upwards. This boy, as it happened, did neither. His eyes had a way generally of looking straight before him, and doing so, as he turned away from the contemplation of the defunct poor pussy in the area, they sighted a very dirty, discolored brass plate on the door against which he had been leaning when he took refuge from the glare, and the big, hurrying crowd which appeared to have no place for him in it.

Involuntarily the boy began to read the name and calling set forth upon the plate, which was a big one.

"How dirty it is, no one can read it," he said to himself.

Then, in conformity with a habit of his, he began to rub a small piece of the plate.

"Some difference that makes," he said half aloud; and he rubbed again with the sleeve of his old jacket.

In a few minutes the brass shone radiantly. He had been rubbing only listlessly at first, but suddenly he took off his cap, tore away a piece of the old leather lining, and dipping it in the accumulated dust in a corner of the doorstep he redoubled his efforts, with such good results that the plate began to glitter and gleam.

A band of young street skirmishers had collected at the foot of the steps, staring at the lad.

"Out of the way, youngsters! out of the way!" exclaimed a bustling city man, issuing from an adjoining warehouse, and half tumbling over them.

"What's to do here, eh?"

"Ee's a-cleaning that there doorplate."

"Ee's a-making of a looking-glass for to see 'isself in."

"Hullo!" cried the new-comer; "polishing up Bogus's name, eh?"

"More than he could ever do for himself, I should say," put in another, who had just come up.

"Well, but—I say, my lad, who set you to do that, eh? The place is empty! What's it all about?"

The boy had stopped his work. By this time several men had gathered round. The little skirmishers had dispersed; only two or three remained, open-mouthed, listening. The boy came forward. "If you please, sir, no one told me. I hadn't anything to do; I want work."

"Of course, yes, all right. But who's to pay you? where's the joke? I don't see."

"It was so very dirty; I had nothing to do," said the boy, simply.

"Here's a go!" exclaimed the city man; "here's a boy works for the sake of working! He's a natural curiosity!"

"Should be in the museum!" put in a friend who had stopped to speak to him.

"But if you must clean doorplates, don't, for mercy's sake, be rubbing up dead-and-gone ones to shame the living," went on the voluble city man. "Here, come and furbish up ours; it wants it bad enough. Hope you'll do as well with it as you have by this. Why, it makes one's eyes blink. Ha, ha!"

"It does so," said his friend; "never saw anything like it."

"Here, in case I'm not back by the time you've done," said the new patron, handing the boy a threepenny-bit. "That's the plate."

"Please, sir, might I get some bread first?" asked the lad, eagerly.

"Bread! why, haven't you had your dinner?"

But the boy was already across the road.

"He's half-starved," said one of the party, who had been watching the hungry eyes of the lad, which gleamed with joy as he grasped the lump of bread the shop-woman handed to him with his twopence change.

"Bread!" ejaculated the prosperous city man, to whom the idea of an appetite to be gratified by such fare was utterly unknown.

The boy ate and worked together, putting good will into both operations.

"Well, it looks as it never has since the day it was first put up," said the new employer. "Come in a day or two and give it a rub."

But the brightness of that plate was not to be stood by its neighbors. Five more that afternoon, the boy bestowed his attentions upon, with such good success that the sun seemed setting in half a dozen different places in the chief street of the city that evening.

"You must come oftener, my lad," was the command, when next he made his appearance. "Come every day, and give it a rub and here—these handles. What d'ye use? how d'ye do it? They can't make it out, my fellows can't make it out at all."

No; they could not. The messengers, and the porters, and the city loafers were all greatly exercised in spirit to discover what was the secret.

"He must have a secret, ye know, to make them things blazon out in the way they do."

"What is it now, old man?" one would blandly ask; "just rotten stone, I s'pose."

"No, not rotten stone," the boy would answer.

"Oh! not rotten stone: maybe it's bath-brick."

The boy shook his head.

"Oh, well, I don't want to know" his questioner rejoined.

"'Tis just grease," put in an old fly-driver, who had taken to the boy "greatly," as he phrased it.

"Grease!" The loafer opened his eyes.

"Aye, grease as thou knows nowt about—elbow grease."

The laugh went against the loafer.

"Anyway, you can come and do ours," said a caretaker of some offices. "There's four of 'em; I'll give you twopence apiece all round."

So the boy's work grew. Every day brought him fresh customers: idle office-keepers, busy porters, newly-established firms wanting to make grand impressions, old-established firms ashamed of their rust. Earlier and earlier the boy began his rounds. Each day saw his work finished later. The early dawn found him polishing away. Into the twilight hours, sometimes when the gas was lighted in some inner office or hall, he might be found everywhere creating fresh brightness by the work of his hands. His active little figure was familiar to the night policeman long before relief time came.

"It's easy to see where your beat lays, mate," said that functionary; "the brass plates tells the tale where you've been."

Before the early breakfast stalls were afoot the boy polisher had often earned more than many a city clerk's daily wage.

So he went on, year in and year out. The fogs of winter were his most persistent enemies; against these even he waged active warfare, often beaten, but never disheartened.

"You don't make your dinner of dry bread now, eh?" said his first employer to him one day.

"Not much more, sir," replied the boy.

"What?"

"I'm saving, sir."

"Oh! ah! quite a capitalist, I suppose. But you might get into a warehouse. I believe a friend of mine would take you."

"Thank ye, sir; but I would rather keep at this. It's always in the fresh air, and then if I left them, they'd get so dingy again."

"It must be hard work."

"I like work, sir."

One day a speculator tackled him.

"I say, my boy, what'll you take for that polishing powder of yours—I mean for the secret of how you make it? They say there's nothing like it. Now I'd buy it of you at a reasonable figure, eh? What d'ye say?"

"I can't sell it," said the boy.

"Can't! say you won't. You're a fool for your pains. You can't do anything with it; wants capital."

When the speculator was gone, the old fly-man, who had heard all, grinned.

"Why didn't ye sell him the secret, my boy!" he said.

"It isn't worth anything," was the reply.

"He'd ha' made something of it. Bless you, he'd ha' patented it, and brought it out as the 'Thingummy Patent Polish.' But right you are, lad; don't you let on to none of 'em what it's made of. I've a pretty good notion myself. It don't cost you much, but that's neither here or there."

He was right, the powder did not cost much, though the boy kept it carefully in small boxes, as if it might have been a precious discovery.

It was simply the clean dust of the pavements, a compound of the powdered stone and granite, mixed with the impalpable particles of iron, from the nails in the boot soles, and, maybe, other undiscoverable ingredients. Anyway, it formed an unrivalled polishing powder which nothing else ever equalled. Late at night, in the most remote quarters of the town the boy all unobserved, gathered in his peculiar treasure. With a little sifting and damping and parcelling out it was soon ready; that and a choice soft leather were his stock-in-trade.

One dull October morning the boy had finished polishing the large plate by which he had made his first fee. He was looking at it regretfully. He bestowed yet again an extra rub, and still he lingered.

"It is no use bothering over that this foggy weather," said the voice of his first employer, as he bustled past to enter.

"It's the last time, sir," said the boy, almost sadly, though there was an exultant light in his straightforward eyes.

"Last time! what d'ye mean?"

"I—we sail to-morrow, sir."

"Sail!"

"I am going to emigrate to Australia, sir."

"Emigrate! stuff! Can't you do better than that?" cried the testy city man.

"I've saved enough to pay my passage, sir; I always meant it."

"Never! And a boy like you! no capital! no interest!"

The lad smiled. He had often thought of those words the young men had used when they passed him in the dusty porch. He knew the meaning of them now.

"I think I'll do, sir," he said.

Then he looked almost affectionately at the doorplate; with a final rub, "They'll soon get dingy," he said, and something like a sigh followed.

"Let us hear of you—how you get on," said the city man, kindly, as he bade the young fellow a cheery farewell. "You'll get on fast enough, not a doubt."

* * * * * *

As the years passed on they did hear of the young emigrant from time to time.

He was getting on always steadily and surely. Comfort and plenty have gradually surrounded him. A very rich man he is not. He remembers too keenly his own once forlorn state to be insensible to the needs of others. Such men never grow wealthy.

"Ho! oh! sir, that is the same fellow!

Read that, sir! read that!" And the old city man points to a paragraph in a paper which has just come to him across the seas.

"In the recent election of our worthy fellow-townsman to the highest office save one attainable in the township, we have a fresh proof of the power of individual effort unassisted by extraneous circumstances. It is within the memory of many, not our oldest subscribers, when he arrived in the colony a friendless youth," &c., &c., &c.

"That, sir, is the young fellow I gave his first job to, cleaning that very doorplate for threepence!"

"And he went out without interest, without capital?"

"Capital, sir! He loved work for its own sake! I tell you, that's it—he just loved work. That was his capital!"—*Boy's Own Paper.*

TWO GIRLS' PLEDGES.

"See here, Ruthie Ringgold, I've signed the pledge!"

The girl of twelve years who answered to that name in the village of Ottercreek halted and looked back at her playmate's call and said, as the other overtook her, panting,—

"Pshaw, Lilla Brown, you don't say so! I hope you'll be strictly temperate now."

"I hope to be strictly total abstinent."

"Were you ever anything less, I'd like to know? What does it amount to for one to sign the pledge who never drinks anything stronger than water, or a swallow of tea or coffee sometimes?" The girls were walking on in the old byway together.

There was a peculiar light in Lilla's eyes as she said, "The lecturer told the audience last evening, you recollect, that all temperance people ought to put down their names by way of example."

"But my father says that is all nonsense," Ruth interrupted. "Because, you see, it's no self-denial to men to pledge themselves not to drink, when they haven't any love of drinking. My father says he would make no such sacrifice as Mr. Wright, for instance, makes in signing; so there's no comparison and no example in it."

"Then the lecturer was correct in saying it is often more difficult to obtain the names of temperate men to the pledge than the names of drunkards. But now, Ruthie," Lilla continued. "the pledge I meant isn't that kind at all. Let us sit down on this bank in the shade, and I will show you my secret pledge that I wrote for myself, and that nobody is to sign with me. Maybe you will see what need there was. Maybe you'll admit it costs self-denial. Maybe a good many people wouldn't do a bad thing to get up for themselves such a sort of a pledge."

"Oh dear, how serious you grow! I am afraid you're pledged to become a nun and want me to be another."

"No nun, Ruthie; here, read; you see it is very short."

"ROSE COTTAGE, June 1, 1880.

"I, Lilla Brown, do herewith make my pledge not to have any discontents for one month from date—asking Our Father to help me keep this resolution."

"There is only one 's' in resolution," returned the reader in gentle criticism.

"That's true; I saw my mistake before you mentioned it. The wording gave me so much trouble that I forgot to attend to the spelling."

"Discontents," repeated Ruth, and raised her eyes from the slip of paper enquiringly.

"That is where I was puzzled," Lilla replied. "First I wrote it 'fidgets,' for that's what grandma says ails me; but mamma calls me 'nervous.' I don't like that word any better. I put it 'discontents,' and I know most too well what I mean by it. Drinking men are apt to get worse and worse, and it's the same with all bad habits, isn't it?"

"I s'pect so," said Ruth in a low tone, while twisting her sash end. "But what was it made you do this?"

"Well, the temperance folks last night, you know, got some of the worst drinking men of the village to attend the meeting, and finally to sign the pledge. Brother Ed did not go with the rest of us, because he had his Latin lesson to study; but at the close of the lecture, just when two or three that most needed to went up to the desk, one after another, and put their names to the pledge, and each time there was great cheering all over the hall, he came in and took his seat with me and began to clap with all his might, seeing Jimmy Wright with his bloated, red face stooping over the book with the pen in his hand, trying to steady his nerves enough, so he could write his name. It was real exciting, and I whispered, 'Ed, why does anybody wait to be persuaded? why don't they rush and sign, when it will make men of them? If I was a drunkard, I'd rush!' Ed looked down on me and answered, 'Humph!' He sat back then, put his thumb in the armhole of his vest and added, 'Better try it on with something you're ad-dict-ed to.' Ed always uses his biggest words on me.

"He meant only just what he said—no more—but I felt my face grow hot, for I knew of a fault I was addicted to that made us all uncomfortable pretty often. It was in my mind as we went home, and after I was in bed, and as soon as I waked this morning. And this is what has come of it. But I'm not going to tell any one else at present."

"Your pledge is to last only a month," criticised Ruthie again. "Anybody could keep any kind of a pledge one month."

"That's what I hope," Lilla replied. "Why I put it so, was because I have meant, over and over, to quit acting out my discontents—to quit it forever and always, and I didn't do it. I have got almost discouraged. This time it came to my mind to try it as a man might make a journey on foot, a step at a time,—or as a pendulum marks off the seconds one by one, through the whole twenty-four hours. We have heard of things being done in that way that were too discouraging if undertaken in a lump. When the month is out I will pledge myself for another, and so on."

"Have you a pencil and some more paper with you?" Ruth asked, looking away thoughtfully while smoothing out her sash. "I might take a pledge. What fault of mine do you think I shall put down?"

"You are not fussy and fidgety, like me," was the negative guess, as the other fished from her pocket and passed over to her friend a scrap of paper and a piece of pencil. Using a flat stone by her side for a writing-table, Ruth traced the following and handed it to Lilla, who read aloud:

"If God will help me, Ruthie Ringgold, I will not ridicule any person's peculiarities for one month."

Lilla glanced around quickly and saw, to her surprise, two great tears fall from Ruthie's blue eyes.

"But you're such a born mimic," said her friend excusingly, "and so full of fun. Really, I don't believe ever any one thought hard of you."

"I have hurt people's feelings more than once," Ruth confessed, "so it cannot be innocent fun. We know in the fable the frogs said to the boys who threw stones at them, 'It may be sport for you, but it is death for us.' Now if any boys I know practised such cruel sport, they could not have me for a friend. But I am afraid I've often been crueler than that, because it was done to people you know, and not frogs. Last winter when I was visiting at Aunt Fanny's, a neighbor called one day whose face was almost covered with reddish-purple spots—it was a mark they said. He was hardly out of the house when I had my face painted with huckleberry juice to imitate his, and ran round from the kitchen to the front door, and rang, and when Aunt Fanny opened it I imitated the young man's speech, too—he stammered very much—and bade her good-morning. Instead of being amused she was sadly grieved. She quoted, 'Who makes thee to differ?' It's in the Bible, or words like those. I felt inclined to be vexed that I could not be allowed my fun, till she told me the young man's mother, now dead, had been her best friend, and that there was a sad story connected with his misfortune which she would tell me when I got older.

"And last evening, Lilla, though you may not have noticed it, I left the hall making fun of Mrs. Tilson—saying she was as crooked as a rainbow and, at least, a hundred and fifty years old, I did believe. I didn't remember at the moment the terrible hard lot she has had with her husband and two sons all now in drunkards' graves. She came out just before us, and I supposed she had gone on; instead of that she had stepped aside in the entrance way to wait for some one, as I saw too late. The poor woman must have heard me, and what will she think? I was ever so ashamed, and yet I should be sure to do the same thing again, if I hadn't taken the pledge."

There was a pause. Then Ruth resumed,—

"You said maybe such a pledge might not be a bad thing for a good many people to take. I have taken mine. There is Dora Jones told a lie to the teacher, and when the teacher went to her mother about it, Mrs. Jones said Dora told lies constantly, and she did not know what to do with the child. Do you think Dora is too young to take a pledge like ours?"

"And there is Miss Blossom," said Lilla, "who has been making a lot of mischief by telling all around that somebody said something about wanting to get rid of the minister—she better get rid of tale-bearing; and only a short time ago it was the same thing about another story she has told. She's what Brother Ed would call addicted to that. Do you think Miss Blossom is too old to sign a pledge like ours?"

"Perhaps we had best practise ours before we think about a pledge for others."

"I think we had."

It was just six months after, that Lilla's mother remarked to her father how much Lilla's disposition had improved, and that no parents in Ottercreek had a better daughter. At this praise, and feeling her papa's arm embrace her, Lilla shed some joyful tears, and drew from her pocket an envelope containing her half-dozen worn and crumpled pledges. Her happy secret was out.

"I was thinking," she said softly, "whether it was needful to renew my pledge again. I hope it is written on my heart now, as I am sure Ruthie's is on her's."—*Lavinia S. Goodwin in Watchman.*

"WE ARE BEST OFF."

It was a pretty sight at Whitby last summer, to watch the herring-boats at their busy work. Many fishermen from Cornwall and Lowestoft were there to pursue their calling, and quite a fleet of boats might be seen setting sail about three or four o'clock in the afternoon, going off to the fishing grounds. All night they were at work, and about eight or nine o'clock next morning they returned with their load of fish.

This went on five days in a week, but on Saturday afternoon the boats were well washed and taken into the harbor, there to remain till Monday, the men losing—as we should say—two nights' fishing a week, in order to keep the day of rest. And it was a deeply interesting sight to see the boats moored close to the harbor-side, and the men in their nice clean jerseys listening to the service held for them on the quay every Sunday morning at nine o'clock, and then dispersing to the various places of worship.

"I suppose you do not really lose anything by giving up the two nights' fishing?" we asked of an earnest, intelligent Christian fisherman.

"No, indeed," he replied, with a smile. "Why, when we compare scorces at the end of the year, we who keep Sunday are always the best off. God doesn't prosper those who break His commandments."—W.

"I WISH YOU HAD YOUR WAY, SIR."

A gentleman was walking to his usual place of worship one Sunday morning not long ago, and on the way he stopped to give a tract to an omnibus-driver, with the words, "I am sorry to see you there. If I had my way, there should be no Sunday driving, either of omnibusses or trains."

"I wish you had your way, sir," replied the man, as he stooped from his box for the tract. "Why, I don't know what Sunday is. I'm on this box fourteen hours every day, seven days a week. I tell you, I hardly know my children; I seldom see them awake. And as for my wife, I don't have half a dozen words with her in the week. I'm too tired when I get home at half-past twelve, or after; and then I'm off first thing in the morning, after a hurried breakfast. I wish you had your way, sir. Who will plead for these men?

A WORSHIP TEST.—When Fenelon was almoner to Louis XIV., his majesty was astonished to find one Sunday, instead of a numerous congregation, only him and the priest. "What is the reason of this?" asked the king. "I caused it to be given out, sire," replied Fenelon, "that your majesty did not attend chapel to-day, that you might know who came to worship God, and who to flatter the King."

Question Corner.—No. 12.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

133. In what king's reign was Judah invaded by Ethiopians?
134. What king of Judah was buried in the chiefest of the sepulchres of the sons of David?
135. How old was king Josiah when he began to reign, and how old was he when he began to destroy the idolatrous worship that was practised in Judah?
136. What office did Nehemiah hold at the court of the king of Persia?
137. What king was reigning when the Israelites returned from the Babylonian captivity?
138. How many vessels of gold and silver belonging to the Jews did the king restore to them when they were returning from the Babylonian captivity?
139. What king first took these vessels from the Jews?
140. Who was the first king of the ten tribes of Israel?
141. During the reign of Solomon Jeroboam incurred his displeasure and fled from the country and took refuge in Egypt. What was the cause of Solomon's anger?
142. Why did the Jews keep the feast of Purim?
143. Why was Gideon named Jerubbaal?
144. In whose reign were the armies of Israel at one time without swords or spears?

SCATTERED SCRIPTURE.

Take one word from each of the following passages and form a quotation from the Psalms.

1. Neither shall they say lo here! or lo there! for the kingdom of God is within you.—Luke xvii. 24.
2. And they that heard it said, who then can be saved?—Luke xviii. 26.
3. And He said unto them, It is not for you to know the times or the seasons which the Father has put in His own power.—Acts i. 7.
4. And as he was going down his servant met him saying Thy son liveth.—John. iv. 51.
5. And whatsoever ye shall ask the Father in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son.—John xiv. 13.
6. And when He is come, He will reprove the world of sin, and of righteousness and of judgment.—John xvi. 8.
7. And I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes, and ye shall keep my judgments and do them.—Ezek. xxxvi. 27.
8. They that were foolish took their lamps and took no oil with them.—Matt. xxv. 3.
9. Whose hope shall be cut off, and whose trust shall be a spider's web.—Job viii. 14.
10. If ye shall ask anything in my name I will do it.—John xiv. 14.
11. These things speak, and exhort, and rebuke with all authority. Let no man despise thee.—1. Tim. iv. 15.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 10.

109. The tribe of Levi. Num. xviii. 23.
110. Amasa. 2 Sam. xvii. 25.
111. Idolatry.
112. About three thousand. Ex. xxxii. 28.
113. By the Levites. Ex. xxxii. 28.
114. Eli. 1 Sam. i. 3.
115. Under the direction of Moses, in the second year after the Exodus from Egypt. Num. i; Also by Moses, in the fortieth year after the Exodus, not long before his death Num. xxvi.; and by David. 2 Sam. xxiv.
116. The Lord sent a plague among them for three days which destroyed seventy thousand of the people. 2 Sam. xxiv. 15.
117. At the threshing-floor of Araunah the Jebusite. Sam. xxiv. 16.
118. An altar unto the Lord. 2 Sam. xxiv 25.
119. Solomon built the temple upon it. 2 Chron. iii. 1.
120. The city of palm trees. Deut. xxxiv. 3.

MOSAICS.

1 John 2: 15. Prov. 31: 16. Jas. 1. 13. Isaiah 3: 11. Eccl. 2: 4. Heb. 1: 15. Mat. 22: 39. 1 Cor. 7: 18. Jude 21. Col. 3: 3. 1 Thess. 5: 10. Rom. 13: 10. John 8: 48. Titus 1: 15. Gal. 3: 24 Love worketh no ill to his neighbor; therefore love is the fulfilling of the law.—Rom. 13: 10.

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No. 10.—James A. Donaldson, 11 ac; Arthur G. Donaldson, 11 ac; Peter J. Hunter, 7.

To No. 9.—Mary E. Coates, 12 ac; Annie D. Burr, 12 ac; Alexander G. Burr, 12 ac; Emma Johns, 11; Edith L. Dewar, ac.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

REVISED VERSION.

[We will from this time give the Revised Version of the lesson, believing that most schools have the authorized version in a different shape to which they can refer. We do not like the idea of scholars making their lesson altogether a substitute for the Bible. The lesson should be taught out of the leaves of the Bible itself, and the scholars encouraged to familiarize themselves with it.]

THIRD QUARTER.

LESSON I.

July 2, 1882.] [Mark 10: 1-16.

A LESSON ON HOME.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 13-16.

And he arose from thence, and cometh into 1
the borders of Judea and beyond Jordan: and
multitudes came together unto him again;
and, as he was wont, he taught them again.
And there came unto him Pharisees, and 2
asked him; Is it lawful for a man to put away
his wife? tempting him. And he answered 3
and said unto them, What did Moses com-
mand you? And they said, Moses suffered to 4
write a bill of divorcement, and to put her
away. But Jesus said unto them, For your 5
hardness of heart he wrote you this com-
mandment. But from the beginning of the 6
creation, male and female made he them.
For this cause shall a man leave his father 7
and mother, and shall cleave to his wife; and
the twain shall become one flesh; so that they
are no more twain, but one flesh. What there- 9
fore God hath joined together, let no man
put asunder. And in the house the disciples 10
asked him again of this matter. And he saith 11
unto them, Whosoever shall put away his wife,
and marry another, committeth adultery
against her; and if she herself shall put away 12
her husband, and marry another, she com-
mitteth adultery.
And they brought unto him little children, 13
that he should touch them: and the disciples
rebuked them. But when Jesus saw it, he was 14
moved with indignation, and said unto them,
Suffer the little children to come unto me;
forbid them not: for of such is the kingdom of
God. Verily I say unto you, Whosoever 15
shall not receive the kingdom of God as a lit-
tle child, he shall in no wise enter therein.
And he took them in his arms, and blessed 16
them, laying his hands upon them.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"I will walk within my house with a perfect heart." Ps. 101: 2.

TOPIC.—True Family Religion.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE LAW OF MARRIAGE. 2. THE BLESSING OF THE CHILDREN.

Time.—March, A.D. 30. Place.—Perea, on the way to Jerusalem.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—In passing from the last chapter to this, Mark omits many important events in the life of Jesus. For them see Luke 10: 25-18: 14 and John 7: 1-11: 57. From the feast of tabernacles (in October) to the Passover was about five months. Most of this time Jesus spent in Perea. It was while he was going to Jerusalem for the last time that the events of this lesson took place.

1. THE LAW OF MARRIAGE.—(1-12.) Parallel passage, Matt. 19: 1-12. V. 1. THENCE.—Capernaum, the final departure from Galilee. THE FARTHER SIDE.—the east side, Perea. HE TAUGHT THEM.—his ministry in Perea is described in these general terms. TEMPTING HIM.—trying to get him to say something that would bring him into difficulty. V. 2. LAWFUL.—he exposed their false ideas about divorce by referring them to what Moses had said on the subject. V. 4. MOSES SUFFERED.—Deut. 24: 1-4. V. 5. FOR THE HARDNESS OF YOUR HEART.—your low ideas of right and wrong. HE WROTE YOU THIS LAW.—took as approving divorce, but to regulate it and to prevent still greater evils. BUT FROM THE BEGINNING.—in the creation God sanctioned the law of marriage as a life-union between one man and one woman. V. 8. ONE FLESH.—with common and inseparable interests, aims, enjoyments and duties. V. 9. WHAT THEREFORE.—since God in the creation showed his purpose to be the joining by marriage of two in one earthly life, let no man by his act break or loose that bond. The divine law of marriage is here declared to be the union of one man and one woman. Such a life-union should be formed only after the most careful consideration.

II. THE BLESSING OF THE CHILDREN.—(13-17.) Parallel passages, Matt. 19: 13-15; Luke 18: 15-17. V. 13. THEY.—people, not disciples. YOUNG CHILDREN.—babes. Luke says "infants." TOUCH THEM.—or, as Matthew say, "put his hands on them and pray." Placing hands upon their heads was a sign of blessing. They were not brought to be taught; they were too young even to understand what was said to them. HIS DISCIPLES REBUKED.—thinking it an unseemly interruption, or, a mere superstition on the part of their parents. Jesus' time for receiving babes could be in any way changed by Christ's touch. But Jesus did not look upon it thus. V. 14. HE WAS MOVED.—displeased, with the rebuking disciples. SUFFER.—permit, referring particularly to those then present, but including little children of the whole world. FORBID THEM NOT.—do not prevent or hinder them in any way. OF SUCH.—of little children and those like them. THE KINGDOM OF GOD.—the Church on earth and in heaven. V. 15. AS A LITTLE CHILD.—no one can come to Christ without having the childlike spirit of dependence and humility. V. 16. TOOK THEM UP.—every word of this verse is emphatic. BLESSED THEM.—literally, "much blessed"; earnestly, fervently blessed them. How these particulars add to the tenderness of this scene and reveal the yearning love of Jesus for little children!

TEACHINGS:

1. Marriage was instituted by God in the garden of Eden.

2. It is a union for life, to be formed thoughtfully and held till death.

3. Husbands and wives should be united in mutual affection, and should live for each other's happiness.

4. Parents should bring their children to Jesus for his blessing.

5. He claims them as his own, and parents should train them up for him.

6. Children dying in infancy may enter heaven, they may be baptized. Their personal faith is no more essential to their baptism than to their salvation.

8. Only those who are like children can get to heaven.

REMEMBER that your baptism in infancy was not an unmeaning ceremony, that it brought upon you solemn obligations. Thank God that he has given you Christian parents and a Christian home, and so improve these privileges that you may have a home in heaven.

LESSON II.

July 9, 1882.] [Mark 10: 17-31.

THE RICH YOUNG MAN.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 21-24.

And as he was going forth into the way 17
there ran one to him, and kneeled to him, and
asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that
I may inherit eternal life? And Jesus said 18
unto him, Why callest thou me good? none is
good save one, even God. Thou knowest 19
the commandments. Do not kill, Do not com-
mit adultery, Do not steal, Do not bear false
witness, Do not defraud, Honor thy father and
mother. And he said unto him, Master, all 20
these things have I observed from my youth.
And Jesus looking upon him loved him, and 21
said unto him, One thing thou lackest: go, sell
whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor,
and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and
come, follow me. But his countenance fell at 22
the saying, and he went away sorrowful, for
he was one that had great possessions.
And Jesus looked round about, and saith 23
unto his disciples, How hardly shall they that
have riches enter into the kingdom of God!
And the disciples were amazed at his words. 24
But Jesus answereth again, and saith unto
them, Children, how hard is it for them that
trust in riches to enter into the kingdom of
God! It is easier for a camel to go through 25
a needle's eye than for a rich man to enter into
the kingdom of God. And they were astonished 26
exceedingly, saying unto him, Then who
can be saved? Jesus looking upon them saith, 27
With men it is impossible, but not with God:
for all things are possible with God. Peter be-
gan to say unto him, Lo, we have left all, and
have followed thee. Jesus said, Verily I say 29
unto you, There is no man that hath left house
or brethren, or sisters, or mother, or father,
or children, or lands, for my sake, and for the
gospel's sake, but he shall receive a hundred- 30
fold now in this time, houses, and brethren,
and sisters, and mothers, and children, and
lands, with persecutions; and in the world to
come eternal life. But many that are first 31
shall be last; and the last first.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"One thing thou lackest."—MARK 10: 21.

TOPIC.—The Condition of Discipleship.

LESSON PLAN.—1. ALMOST A DISCIPLE. 2. THE HINDRANCE OF RICHES. 3. THE REWARD OF SELF-DENIAL.

Time.—March, A.D. 30. Place.—Perea, on his way to Jerusalem.

HELPS TO STUDY.

I. ALMOST A DISCIPLE.—(17-22.) V. 17. THERE CAME ONE.—a rich young ruler. RUNNING.—as though to overtake him, thus showing in his earnestness. GOOD MASTER.—most excellent teacher. WHAT GOOD THING.—he was evidently sincere. He felt that something was yet lacking. V. 18. WHY CALLEST THOU? ME NONE.—that you regard me only as a good teacher, why do you address me in language that can be used to God only? V. 19. THE COMMANDMENTS.—he then goes on Sinai, and, leaving the moral law. V. 20. ALL THESE.—that his claim was sincere is shown by the fact that Jesus, beholding him, loved him. V. 21. ONE THING.—he knew of his own heart and of the extent of the law. V. 21. ONE THING THOU LACKEST.—not that he had done all except this one thing, but a test is given to prove that his whole obedience lacked the proper motive. SELL WHATSOEVER THOU HAST.—love to money was the sin that was set on his wealth. V. 22. WENT AWAY GRIEVED.—he could not give up his idol even for his soul.

II. THE HINDRANCE OF RICHES.—(23-27.) V. 23. HOW HARDLY.—with what difficulty. THAT HAVE RICHES.—who live for riches and make them their trust. THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN.—where the poor in spirit are welcomed. V. 24. TRUST IN RICHES.—of any sort. V. 25. EASIER FOR A CAMEL.—a proverbial expression to denote something impossible. V. 26. WHO THEN CAN BE SAVED.—If the rich cannot, who can? V. 27. WITH MEN.—as far as human power is concerned. WITH GOD.—both rich and poor save the most hopeless cases, even rich men. Acts 2: 45; 4: 34-37. Note Abraham, Joseph of Arimathea and others.

III. THE REWARD OF SELF-DENIAL.—(28-31.) V. 28. THEN PETER.—he spoke, as usual, for himself and the rest. What he said was true, as Christ answers shows, and not a mere boast. It is right to think and talk of our final reward. V. 29. NOW—in this life blessings a hundredfold more than all the sacrifice he is called to make. V. 31. FIRST—in the enjoyment of outward privileges and blessings. LAST—in Christ's kingdom, because they have not improved those blessings. The rewards of the kingdom are finally given on the scale of grace alone.

TEACHINGS:

1. The most important of all questions is, What must I do to be saved?

2. Eternal life cannot be gained for our morality or good works.

3. We have only faith in Christ; we lack the one thing needful.

4. Riches often keep men from Christ.

REMEMBER that you must be willing to give up everything for Christ. The reward of such self-denial is great and sure. If you have riches use them as God's stewards and for his glory. If you have them not, be content with your lot.

A CRITICAL MOMENT.

I was talking a few weeks ago with a clergyman at the West who said that he returned to his father's house in Boston, and his brother, a son in the family, came in intoxicated, and he said when the intoxicated son had retired: "Mother, how do you stand this?" "Oh," she replied: "I have stood this a good while, but it don't worry me now." I found it was 'worrying me to death; and I put the whole case in God's hands, and I said: 'O God! I cannot endure this any longer; take care of my son, reform him, bless him, save him,' and there I left the whole thing with God, and I shall never worry again." "The next day," said the clergyman who was talking to me in regard to it, "I met my brother, and I said: 'John, you are in an awful position.' 'How so?' said he. 'Why, mother told me that she has left you with God; she doesn't pray for you any more.' 'Is that so?' Well, I cannot contend with the Lord; I shall never drink again.'"

He never did drink again. He went to the Far West, and at a banquet in St. Louis given to him, a lawyer just come to the city, there were many guests, and there was much wine poured, and they insisted that this reformed lawyer should take his glass of wine, and they insisted until it became a great embarrassment, as they said to him: "Ah! you don't seem to have any regard for us, and you have no sympathy with our hilarities."

Then the man lifted the glass and said: "Gentlemen, there was in Boston some years ago a man who, though he had a beautiful wife and two children, fell away from his integrity and went down into the ditch of drunkenness. He was reformed by the grace of God and the prayers of his mother, and he stands before you to-night. I am the man. If I drink this glass I shall go back to my old habit and perish; I am not strong strong enough to endure it. Shall I drink it? If you say so; I will."

A man sitting next lifted a knife and, with one stroke, broke off the bottom of the glass, and all the men at the table shouted: "Don't drink! don't drink!"

Oh! that man was a hero. He had been going through a battle year after year; that was a great crisis. What a struggle! I tell you this incident because I want you to know that there are a great many men in peril, and when you are hard in your criticisms about men's inconsistencies you do not know what a battle they have to fight; a battle compared with which Austerlitz and Gettysburg and Waterloo were child's play.—*Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage.*

PICTURE BOOKS.

A pretty boy of eight years had in his possession a magazine filled with coarse and disgusting pictures. His teacher, discovering the fact, took the book away, and scolded him sharply.

"I knew it wasn't the right book to have," he said, apologetically, "but I have never had a picture book of my own," and the tears rolled down his cheeks.

"What do you mean, child? Surely you have had pictures in the books your father has given you from time to time."

"My father never gives me any books."

Consulting with the child's father (he had no mother), it was found, to be a fact that with the exception of his school books, the boy did not own a book. "I do not believe in buying books for children," he said, "wait until they are old enough to appreciate a book."

So while he was waiting for his child to grow into a man; the child was helping himself to picture books which proved his utter downfall as the years passed by.

Ah! dear father, dear mother, buy the little ones the pretty, uplifting, educating picture books and papers. It will take a little hard cash to be sure, but it will tell on your darlings' characters as the days roll on.

They handle this, it may not be, on many years, of agony; many heart-pangs, many bitter wails as the birdlings leave the home nest to care for themselves. The poor father who recently paid a heavy bill for his wayward boy, had never fortified the lad with any help toward strengthening character. He did not believe in "wasting money on trash" (calling this good reading), and so the boy secretly obtained papers—abounding in foolish and horrible stories, interspersed with pictures dreadful enough to sicken one, until his moral nature was undermined and he became a wreck.—*Church and Home.*

HINDU SCHOOL RHYMES.

The accompanying rhymes are an attempt to give to English readers some idea of what a Hindu school-book is. These moral maxims, 108 in number, were written by a female, reputed to be the sister of the famous author of the Kural, Tiruvalluvar. Her name was Avviar, or the mother. It is a curious thing that both these authors were Parias, and yet their books are universally read, Avviar's in every school and the Kural by every one who claims to be a Tamil scholar.

The maxims are many of them good and inculcate sound morality. Unfortunately for the boys, they are written in a high dialect, wholly unintelligible to them, and the masters never think of enlightening them. They are learnt off, parrot-like, by the lads.

"Give charity willingly;
Give, then dine heartily.
Deep down in anger thought;
Impatient by any not aught.
The give: then hinder not.
Thine own wealth trumpet not.
Say not 'Tis impossible';
Stout-hearted, thou art able
Walk then most orderly;
Study thou steadily.
Learning do not despise
And in youth become wise.
In season sow and toil!
Live not on wrested soil!
Speak thou to edify;
Do what will dignify.
Mother and father feed,
Remember a kindly deed.
Teach, ere thou art a friend;
Made, held on to the end.
Sleep on silk-cotton bed!
Read not too much to head.
Do well-whate'er you do;
Enter'd on, carry through.
Speak not in scant through.
Speak not harshly, nor angrily.
Hard words no; angrily.
Speak not the malevolous;
Eschew the gambling house.
Waste not thy property;
Spoil not thou greedily.
Stand in the royal way,
And with the learned stay.
Cleave to thy kith and kin;
A house thou'rt large live not in.
What you see that only say;
With a serpent do not play."

R. R. MEADOWS.

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